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No. 42



MARCH
1924

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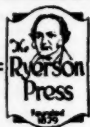
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THE CANADIAN FORUM



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OSHAWA, MARCH, 1924

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IN the recent exchange of notes between the Prime Ministers of Great Britain and France, M. Poincaré professes a pacific reasonableness which is calculated to impress any reader not familiar with the actual course of his policy. He tactfully omits any direct reference to the Ruhr or to events in the Palatinate (where the official British investigation showed that the whole Separatist movement depended for its existence on French money and French arms). These subjects may well be distasteful to him now. As to armaments he pathetically observes that

the error which is to us most incomprehensible, and which most saddens us, is that regarding our military armaments. Are there really Englishmen who suppose that France would be capable of making fratricidal preparations against their country? Our military and naval establishments are exclusively designed to defend us against attempted German revenge. Our policy towards the . . . Little Entente has always been of a peaceful character. . . . In lending to the allied States of Central Europe the resources necessary for their defence, we have done nothing which could impoverish ourselves.

While Mr. Poincaré has been uttering these soothing words, his taxation reforms have been blocked by delays in the Senate; his Government has had to cover its deficits by issuing another three billion francs worth of paper money since February, 1923; the franc has fallen to 3¾ cents; utterances from all parts of Germany indicate unwillingness to accept any finding on reparations that does not embody great concessions. Wall Street has shown a reasonable disinclination to lend for the purpose of bolstering up the franc, until it learns the prospects of a settlement arising out of the Dawes report. France has reached a very grave financial crisis.

MOST of us in Canada, if we gave any thought to the strike last month in the English docks, did so because it meant a possible irritating delay in the arrival of mails from the old country. To a large section of the public in England itself, it was principally an interesting test of the ability of a Labour Government to discipline its own adherents. From the point of view, however, of the strikers, last February has added another chapter to the heart-rending story of their struggle against casual employment. For the origins of this struggle we must go back at least to the summer of 1889 when for ten weeks the port of London was at a standstill. At that time the average wage in the docks was 4d. an hour and a man was engaged subject to dismissal at a moment's notice. Cheered by the fiery eloquence of John Burns, protected from blacklegs by the overwhelming sympathy of public opinion, aided by subscriptions from all parts of the Empire, including Australia which sent £30,000, the dockers in that year were successful in their demands for 6d. an hour (the famous 'docker's tanner') and for the guarantee that all engagements should be for a period of at least four hours on end. Though this was a step forward, it still left the docks overstocked with labour and provided no safeguard that a man would not be unemployed for weeks on end. Once more in 1909 public attention was rivetted on the docks by the Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission. The inhabitants of a country which has been proud these many years past to call itself the ruler of the waves, were again made aware of the miserable conditions which disgraced its seaports. The report made constructive suggestions for the de-casualization of dock-labour, and since then there has been more than one attempt to provide the docker with steadier employ-

ment. All these schemes involved the permanent dismissal of large numbers of men, and on this rock they have all hitherto foundered. It is only fair to add that, in some cases, the men themselves were heartily opposed to the loss of independence which de-causalization would involve, though this is not their general attitude.

DURING the war, the general shortage of labour led to considerable improvement in the fortunes of the men and their families, but after its close the plight of the 'submerged tenth' in dockland was once more as black as ever. Dock labour can be performed by anyone with a strong pair of arms; demobilised men in need of a job flocked in their thousands to the docks to try their luck in competition with those regularly employed in the industry. When the short-lived post-war boom came to an end matters took on a tragic turn. The advance in wages obtained under Lord Shaw's award gradually fell with the falling cost of living; more serious was the fact that the number of days on which the average docker found employment dwindled to about three a week. Ten shillings a day as English conditions go doesn't sound so bad, but when it means thirty shillings a week and three days' idleness the story is very different. Under pressure of public opinion the employers have granted the advance to 12 shillings a day demanded by the men, after an expensive stoppage of work which they should never have allowed to occur. This is something, but the men will not rest permanently until they have secured a guaranteed week's wage. If this involves finding employment for the 40% of the dockers who are not required even when trade is at its busiest, it will not be an easy thing to achieve. To admit that the achievement is impossible in a world which stands so badly in need of food and clothes and raw materials as Europe does to-day, would be fatal to the champions of the existing order. It would but add another weapon to the armoury of those who declare that our present industrial civilization is unfitted to survive.

MR. KING has reached the crisis in his political career. The present session will show whether he is strong enough to strike off the hobbles which in the past have impeded his progress in liberal policies. The tariff will be the deciding issue. For the moment it would appear that he has experienced a change of heart during the recess. Mr. Baldwin's defeat in spite of advantages in respect both of purse and press may have made an impression on the Canadian Premier and driven home conclusions which even the most superficial analysis of present agricultural and industrial conditions in Canada would suggest. But if Mr. King does sound a clear note and strike a clean blow on the tariff he

will need to break with the past. His apprenticeship was served under Laurier in the days when the Liberal Party, basking in the meretricious smiles of an increasing number of protectionist supporters, was fast forgetting the platform of 1891 and the warnings of Cartwright. In the Reciprocity Campaign of 1911 his appeal to the electors of Waterloo was equivocal to a degree. After his choice as leader in 1919 he was quite prepared to leave to Mr. McMaster and a few others any stressing of the forthright tariff plank in the Liberal platform. Then after angling for Mr. Crerar and Mr. Drury he accepted terms from Sir Lomer Gouin and Mr. Fielding. The result was a tariff of stability and a tariff which stultified liberal principles. But Sir Lomer and Mr. Fielding no longer sit in council, and with two perfectly good Liberal seats lost in the Maritime Provinces, Mr. King has now a minority following in the House. We must be pardoned if we hesitate before deciding whether to pronounce his alliance with the Progressives a union of heart or a marriage of convenience with divorce waiting around the corner.

THE action of Mr. Coolidge in increasing the duty on wheat from thirty to forty-two cents a bushel, if sustained at the polls next November, will mean the practical exclusion of Canadian wheat from the United States market. It is an act of commercial hostility intended as an aid to wheat-growers whose distress has resulted in the failure of more than a hundred banks in the northwestern states during the first six weeks of this year. A virtual embargo such as this effects its purpose only when it is possible to calculate home consumption and restrict production so as to render negligible the exportable surplus. In the present case it may prove possible to maintain the United States price at forty-two cents more than the world price, although the history of similar experiments would suggest that, just when those conspirators against the bread of their fellow-citizens have everything nicely arranged, consumers may suddenly discover that they can substitute potatoes or rice for the precious flour and so upset calculations. Or indeed, Providence may intervene with lean years and the brothers of Joseph may be glad to shoulder their sacks and seek corn in Canada. For ourselves we cannot regret that Mr. Coolidge has taken these extreme measures. They will probably hasten the time when the consumers of the United States will demand the repeal of the whole Fordney-McCumber Tariff. Meanwhile Canadian growers will do well to accept Mr. Sapiro's wheat pool or adopt the ideas of organizing their marketing so that our surplus may find consumers in less inhospitable foreign countries.

WHAT may prove to be a serious danger to the cause of real education is a wide-spread assumption that it is the business of the people's university to graduate the people's sons without any undue respect for educational standards. The Middle West universities of the United States complain that it is becoming more and more difficult to withstand this democratic pressure. That they are withstanding it, however, with some degree of success is illustrated by the fact that at the recent semester examinations in Arts, the University of Wisconsin dropped from its roll of 5,400 students, 538 whose work had been unsatisfactory. The earlier tradition both in Great Britain and in the New England States was that the university is a society in which devoted youths possessed by the love of learning sit at the feet of older scholars in order that they may learn wisdom to serve God in Church and State. In Canada we appear to be in danger of abandoning this tradition for the newer American conception, neglecting even those safeguards which have there been found indispensable. In the present session of the Ontario Legislature, a member has complained to the House of treatment accorded his son at the hands of the authorities of the University of Toronto and has been promised the intervention of the Premier. The boy had failed to pass the examinations of his first year, and his failure was of such a character that in accordance with the University regulations, he had been refused permission to register for the following session. Whatever may be the merits of this particular case it will be a bad day for education when a student can establish his right to remain in a State University, irrespective of any opinion that may be entertained by his instructors as to his fitness to profit by so doing.

THE retail clothiers of Ontario have recently assembled in conference to deplore our carelessness about apparel and devise means of making us better-dressed men. One speaker thought it would be a fine idea if Toronto men would copy the example of the men in the United States. In that country, he remarked, they paid more attention to style than to wearing quality, and if they got the style they were quite prepared to buy three or four suits a year. Another speaker observed that the day of the blue suit for all occasions was swiftly vanishing, and it was a welcome sign of the times. It was generally agreed that a 'Pride in Appearance' campaign is necessary, not only in Toronto, but also for the whole province of Ontario. In the midst of a chaotic world torn by international hostilities abroad and vexed by business losses and unemployment at home, there is something inspiring in the thought that a large number of men have come together at consider-

able expense and decided that a campaign for the beautifying of our raiment is the most necessary thing for our welfare and that the world will be better if we all buy four suits a year. Wordsworth would have written a poem about that.

THE current exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is free from surprises and heart-burnings. It is a good 'average' show, which means that it is not quite satisfactory to those who, on the strength of the past ten years, look for something more than the average. For the past ten years have shown us abundantly that if there is a field of Canadian life in which the spirit of adventure is vivid and intense it is the artistic field of paint and canvas. But this year there is very little that is vivid and intense. We long for more waterfalls that run uphill, for good, solid clouds, cadaverous flesh-tints, foul-smelling beaver-swamps, hells-on-earth, and all that is putrid and pestilential. Will some young lady with a porringer tell us where the Seven have gone? We want them back again. They exhibited annually for three years, 1920-22, and then stopped, as it seemed, in mid-career. But they had travelled too far from any safe anchorage to rest on their oars. What are they doing? Sleeping or saving up?

WE are glad to be able to state that more than \$900 has already been received by Mr. G. C. T. Pemberton, treasurer of the Canadian Fund for Relief of Children in Germany. Of this, \$500 was cabled to the British Save the Children Fund last month in order that the English organization might open a Canadian Kitchen immediately to feed children in Cologne in the British area of occupation. It is hoped that it may be possible to start a second Canadian Kitchen there within a very few days. The following contributions have come directly to the office of THE CANADIAN FORUM:—

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A Great Classical Scholar

A CORRESPONDENT writes: After a life unusually prolonged, a remarkable figure in the world of scholarship has passed away. To the great public, to be sure, Professor Basil Gildersleeve was but a name—if he were even that much; but to those who knew him well, and specially his old pupils, the world will seem a poorer place for the loss of a commanding and very exceptional personality.

Professor Gildersleeve was unmistakably a Southerner.

Born in South Carolina in 1831, he in due course graduated at Princeton and Göttingen, and for twenty years, 1856-76, held the chair of classics in the University of Virginia. The work of the young professor was soon broken by the call of his State. He served throughout the Civil War, was wounded, and, in consequence, was slightly lame. The tense emotions connected with this period of his life, and specially with his great leader, General Lee, occasionally revealed themselves—all the more strikingly because of the somewhat ironic attitude to life which he was wont to assume. He possessed a striking presence; his lofty forehead, dark grizzled hair and beard, his black eyes with their humorous twinkle, glowing with physical and mental energy stamped themselves on the memory even at the first interview.

His appointment in 1876 as Professor of Greek in the then newly founded Johns Hopkins University was probably the first thing that drew attention to the eminence of the southern scholar. In those early days when graduate instruction had scarcely begun on this continent, Johns Hopkins was by its fellowships able to gather an unusual band of graduate students. It was then, in close contact with small classes, that Gildersleeve was probably at his best. His knowledge of Greek was first-hand—the result not primarily of studying text-books and commentaries, but of intimate familiarity with the literature itself. His old pupils recall how, when a difficulty was presented to him, he would limp quickly to his shelves, seize the proper volume from his long array of note-books, and immediately put his finger on the paragraphs, where, in his peculiar handwriting, his opinions on the point were registered. But after all it was the man himself, more than his erudition or his methods, that made Gildersleeve for years (he effectively discharged the duties of his chair long after he was eighty) the greatest teacher of Greek on this continent.

On Parliament Hill

A POLITICAL correspondent writes: Overtly the session has opened on a calm and restful note, but there are subterranean stirrings which presage grave upheavals at no distant date. The Speech from the Throne is a curiously verbose and mystifying effusion, replete with tales of triumphs achieved and promises of brave deeds to come. But there is a pregnant paragraph referring to 'reductions of taxation which will reduce the costs of the instruments of production' that stirs the souls of men. After Mr. Fielding's deliberate pledge of future tariff stability in his last Budget speech, the manufacturers had settled down to the confident belief that the end of their travail had been reached and no more unpleasant changes need be dreaded. They had even begun to cherish hopes of success for their campaign to regain lost ground in the woollen and cotton schedules. But they had not reckoned upon the effect of the removal of their two best watchdogs, Sir Lomer Gouin and Mr. Fielding. Emancipated from their constraining hands, the Prime Minister felt free to go out shopping for the Progressive vote, and the pointed paragraph in the Speech from the Throne is obviously the opening bid. It met with an immediate response in the shape of an interview from the guileless Mr. Forke who is evidently ready to put his Party on the bargain counter and not demand any extravagant price.

But Mr. Forke is not the Progressive Party, and Mr. King's pledges of tariff reductions do not always attain

fulfilment. Not faith and fine professions but definite works of grace will be required to secure the Progressive vote for the Budget, and it was noticeable that Mr. Forke in his speech on the Address had already begun to modify his first enthusiasm and qualify his promises of support. Meanwhile there are threats of mutiny in the Liberal camp. Consider the position of the hapless Mr. Raymond of Brantford who compassed in 1921, the mirth-provoking feat of defeating the super-protectionist Mr. Cockshutt *via* charges that the latter had been a feeble defender of the tariff. Now Mr. Raymond is confronted with the prospect that his own Party will do infinitely more damage to Brantford's sacred schedules than Mr. Cockshutt's ever contemplated, and he is muttering threats of a special amendment deprecating such an untimely course. Equally restless are good Liberal protectionists like Mr. Marler, Mr. Walter Mitchell, Mr. Euler, and Mr. Malcolm, and there are confident predictions that on the Government benches a strong cave will develop to prevent the fulfilment of the Prime Minister's plans. However, the calculation is that the Government can afford to lose a considerable body of protectionists from Ontario and Quebec as long as it secures the solid support of the Progressives whose strength, allied to the Liberal faithful, would yield a majority of at least 60 on the Budget division. Thereafter the Ministry would be assured of immunity from defeat till the parliamentary term expired and time would be available for consolidation of the position.

I understand that the active proponent of this strategy is Mr. Ernest Lapointe who, with the departure of Sir Lomer has resumed his old role as Mr. King's vicegerent in Quebec. Mr. Lapointe is perhaps the most attractive and accomplished member of the Cabinet, but since he entered the Ministry he has been afflicted with a deplorable lassitude, and if he has now shed it the country will profit. But what I am interested in are the reactions of these developments upon his predecessor in the Ministry of Justice. I understand that about the time of his resignation Sir Lomer made to a condoling friend the cryptic remark that while he was ill he was not half so ill as the Liberal Party. At present he is sunning himself on the Spanish Main, but the prophecy is freely made that if Mr. King makes any serious progress with his plans for a matrimonial alliance with the Progressives, Sir Lomer will return and constitute himself attorney in a vigorous action for breach of promise.

The Progressives are prepared to accept what gifts the gods send them in the way of tariff reductions, but the shrewder members of the party are not ready for any rash commitments to the King standard. Inevitably the Prime Minister will not be content with mere parliamentary endorsement of his Budget as a recompense for the risks he is taking. He will demand nothing less than the baptism of all the Progressive battalions in the Liberal faith and an oath of undivided allegiance to himself. Yet when the Progressives contemplate the forces which will be mustering against them in Eastern Canada and realize the desperate character of the battle which awaits them, they will develop grave qualms about entrusting their fortunes to the feeble leadership of Mr. King and a demand will arise for some more resolute and skilful commander of the joint forces. I have in mind more than one possible anti-protectionist Foch, and the services of such will be needed ere the victory is won.

Given a continuance of the King leadership it is very far from certain that the sincerely liberal element in the electorate would be ready to accept a few steps in the direction of tariff reduction as ground for condonation of a long list of sins of omission and commission.

Meanwhile the Montreal *Star* is mightily distressed at the turn events are taking and especially at the prospects of reinforcements for Mr. Meighen from the Liberal camp. So it has launched a new campaign. It proposes the organization of a new party in which hundred per cent. Tories, untainted by such heresies as belief in public ownership of railways, and safe and sane protectionist Liberals like Mr. Walter Mitchell will combine to make Canada safe for plutocracy. I can visualize such a party dowered with an overflowing treasury of campaign funds but somewhat inadequately equipped with political talent. But what I cannot visualize is the party which would have to be arrayed against it. Its avowed object being the annihilation of both Mr. King and Mr. Meighen the natural course for the threatened statesmen would be an alliance for mutual protection, and the spectacle would add immeasurably to the gaiety of our nation.

I should be exceedingly sorry to see a body of genuine humorists like our present Senate roughly blotted out of existence. Here are the *Globe* and other Liberal organs writing darkly, as they have done for generations, of the utter incongruity of our Senate and the urgent need for its reconstruction or abolition, and not a session has ever passed without orators in the Commons avowing parallel manifestations of hostility to the Upper House. Tired perhaps of these recurring threats and slanders, the Senate has gallily this session, under the august leadership of its two foremost figures, deployed to a bold counter attack. Rising in succession in their places on March 7th, they demanded an immediate reform of an unworthy and tiresome House of Commons; Sir James, indeed, went so far as to contemplate its complete elimination. They complained bitterly of its fruitless and expensive loquacity and advocated a rigid curtailment of its debates; if the two senatorial chieftains and their applauding colleagues have their way, there will be a time limit with a graduated scale set to all speeches in the Commons, and the merciful Washington practice of allowing members to print their speeches without vocal parturition will be introduced. My friends in the Commons are aghast at this impertinent boldness, but surely such blitheness of spirit in a dull world is almost a justification for the much-reviled nominating system.

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Is the Franc Going Too ?

WHAT is going to happen to the franc? During the past twelvemonth it has lost a half of its value, and during March it has been fluctuating between 3½ and 4 cents, as compared with the pre-war par of 19.3 cents. What has caused its fall? Will it rise again, perhaps eventually to par? Will it remain at or near the present level? Or is it destined to follow the rouble and the mark? How will its dubious fate affect other countries?

There are still some optimists who hope that the franc may return to par. One of them (M. Lallemande), speaking before the Paris Académie des Sciences on February 5, attributed the depreciation of the franc to overissue of Bank notes unsecured by gold,¹ advocated that the State should bring about a gradual reduction of the circulation by repaying 2 billions a year to the Bank of France, and predicted that, with this policy, twelve years would suffice to bring back the franc to par. If these hopes are well founded, the purchase of francs at the present rate would be a magnificent investment. M. Lallemande perceived only two serious difficulties—the floating debt and the foreign debt. But a swift recovery of the franc would remove all fears of a sudden demand for repayment of the floating debt. 'As for the foreign debt, its counterpart is beyond the Rhine, so that need not worry us.'²

Now there are certain circumstances which make it almost inconceivable that the franc should return to par. To understand them, we need only recall some figures connected with the French national debt and the reparations which France is trying to collect.

LIABILITIES

France owes abroad, chiefly to Great Britain and the United States, about \$6,500,000,000.

She owes at home, to French investors who have bought war bonds, National Defence bonds, &c, about 300,000,000,000 paper francs, now equivalent (at 1 franc=4 cents) to \$12,000,000,000.

This domestic debt is now about \$300 per head.

At present rates of exchange, the total national debt is therefore about \$18,500,000,000.

ASSETS

Against these debts, France possesses her own resources, plus her claim to reparations. By the 1921 decision of the Reparations Commission, which is still nominally binding, Germany is obligated to pay as reparations 132,000,000,000 gold marks, besides Belgian war debt, costs of occupation, etc. The allies have agreed that France shall receive 52% of all reparations collected. The maximum share which she might receive, converted

¹Bank of France note circulation at outbreak of war, 1914, was 6,683,184,785 francs: February, 1923, 37,176,064,280 francs: March 6, 1924, 40,265,994,405 francs.

²Manchester Guardian Weekly, Feb. 8, p. 108.

into dollars, is thus about \$17,160,000,000.

Even M. Loucheur has admitted (*Foreign Affairs*, September, 1923) that the 1921 reparations figure is remote from reality.

If Germany should pay the whole indemnity, and if the franc should remain at 4 cents, then France's maximum indemnity claim would not quite suffice to extinguish her present national debt.

If the franc should rise to par, then the French internal debt of 300 billions, equivalent at the present exchange rate to \$12,000,000,000, would become equivalent to \$57,900,000,000. It would amount to more than \$1400 for each man, woman, or child in France—nearly twice as much as the present debt of Great Britain. Interest alone on this colossal debt would come to more than \$70 a year for each person. Taxes would have to be high enough to pay this interest as well as all the other costs of government. The French citizen who now, perhaps, pays in taxes each year to the government the price of a suit of clothes, would have to increase his contribution to the price of four or five suits. France is even now unable to balance her ordinary budget. What would happen if she had to pay interest on a national debt swollen to five times the present bulk? There would be tremendous administrative difficulties and social unrest. Is it likely that any French government will try to bring the franc back to par when the result would be to increase the fiscal burden so greatly? The return of the franc to par would be a national disaster.

Even a rise to ten cents, eight cents, six cents, would add to the difficulties of national finance. And who would benefit? Those who originally lost money through the fall of the franc? Many of them would be dead. Many would have sold their bonds to others. If the franc rose to par, it would bring an unexpected and undeserved windfall to most of the beneficiaries. International financiers and exchange speculators would reap their share of 'unearned increment' at the expense of the unfortunate taxpayers of France. The French Government has during the past few months borrowed several billions of paper francs, now worth about 4 cents each. Can anyone expect that France will pay them back with francs worth 19.3 cents each? Despite the progress which has been made in reconstruction and the improvement in French industry and trade, even if Germany should pay in full, the franc will not recover.

This view is confirmed by another observation. Experience in Germany showed that when currency is depreciating and prices rising, business flourishes. It is necessary only to buy goods, hold them a little while, and then sell them, to show a profit on paper. Moreover, wages and overhead expenses seldom rise so fast as prices in general:

hence employers have better opportunities for making profits. But when money is rising in value, or prices are falling, all these conditions are reversed, and business languishes. We have recently beheld the spectacle of widespread unemployment and depression in England, where the value of the pound was rising, while in Germany, where the mark was rapidly going to ruin, business was reported to be brisk. French business interests will have learned the lesson. They will oppose any measure calculated to increase the value of the franc.

The fall of the franc towards the end of 1923 has been too rapid to be attributed to the relatively small amount of inflation which has been occurring during that time. It is due to the number of people in France and elsewhere who have become distrustful of French solvency, and who have been eagerly selling off their French securities and bank balances—even at a sacrifice—in return for more stable values. Outside of France, bankers have for months been advising their clients to get rid of their francs. The invasion of the Ruhr did not restore the confidence of the investors: and as people more generally realized that this invasion was even further postponing the payment of reparations, the flight from the franc became more general.

Commissions have sat on it: the Chamber of Deputies has held all-night deliberations: a few unfortunate Dutch and Russian speculators have been expelled from France to appease the popular clamour: the taxes have been increased 20 per cent: and pious resolutions have been adopted to reduce public expenditure. All this will not avail. The fall of the franc in New York is making wheat and cotton more expensive in France. The cost of living is rising there. Under the most favourable circumstances the cost of living in France will probably rise at least fifty per cent. during the present year. The Government will have to pay out more in salaries and other expenses. Taxation will lag behind. More money will have to be borrowed, and at higher rates of interest. The emergency measures of M. Poincaré may have a favourable but short lived psychological effect on the exchanges, but they are just as likely to intensify the apprehensions. Now the Dawes Commission is regarded as the *deus ex machina* to save France from bankruptcy.

Already the press is publishing anticipations concerning the probable conclusions of the Dawes Commission. It is improbable that the commission would spread its final conclusions abroad through the press in advance of the publication of its formal report, and some of the press despatches show evid-

ence of being garbled. It is generally believed, however, that the commission will recommend the evacuation of the Ruhr, a moratorium for Germany, and an international loan to be used for stabilizing the German currency and balancing the French budget. It is suggested that this loan may be secured by the German railroads and largely subscribed in Great Britain and America.

The success of such a plan depends chiefly on three things. Will Germany accept the burden laid upon her? Will France evacuate the Ruhr, accept the amount offered, and show enough respect for the susceptibilities of the German people to overcome their present conviction that France is determined at all costs to ruin them? And will investors in other countries have sufficient confidence in the Dawes scheme to invest in the bonds of the proposed reparation loan?

If the present hostility continues between France and Germany, and if we are still to see attempts to extort large sums by force from an unwilling debtor, it will be impossible to market such bonds in any country in the world. Let the reader of these pages ask himself whether he would be prepared to invest his savings in a reparations loan guaranteed, not by German willingness to pay, but solely by French bayonets. No international loan will be forthcoming unless there is an amicable agreement about reparations, in which the mass of the people concerned, German as well as French, will acquiesce.

What if no agreement is reached? The spokesmen of France announce that she will remain in the Ruhr. The German budget has not been balanced: the Rentenmark, though temporarily stable, is only another kind of fiat money, which may collapse any day like the former currency. Unless there is a speedy settlement of the reparations question, together with foreign assistance for the balancing of the German budget and the stabilizing of the currency, the Rentenmark will probably not outlast the summer. And what of France? We have already seen that, notwithstanding her efforts, she seems destined this year to experience a steep rise in the cost of living, together with an increase in governmental borrowings and probably further inflation. If there is no agreement with Germany, French solvency will be still further menaced: the apprehension of investors will become a panic: the flight from the franc will become a rout. Before the close of 1924, the franc may have fallen from 3.7 cents to 2 cents or even less.

These events, which are even now unfolding before us, will entail a vast amount of human misery. As before, the chief sufferers will be persons with fixed incomes or salaries—the middle class, which has already suffered so heavily in Russia, Germany,

Poland, Austria, and England. The collapse of the franc will bring about unemployment among British coal miners and stagnation in the cotton trade: it will damage the market for Canadian wheat and lessen the output of Ontario Agricultural implement factories. Its social and political effects will be incalculable. These are among the issues now at stake in Paris.

Besco

WHAT is the root of all this trouble in Nova Scotia? Bolshevism among the foreign miners? No, that is not an adequate answer, though an easy way of disposing of any industrial difficulty. The miners in Nova Scotia are chiefly of Scotch-Canadian stock and there was similar trouble long before Lenin came upon the international stage. No case can be summed in a word, yet there is one word that is much nearer than Bolshevism; that is 'Besco'—the common sobriquet of the British Empire Steel Corporation. For years we have been studying the miners and are puzzled because we cannot find a solution to the trouble. Suppose we devote our attention to the other factor. Better still, suppose we study the relations of the two factors.

Another Royal Commission has reported. It has been studying the miners; only incidentally has it studied Besco. Can its recommendation then prove other than futile? The Commission finds that the military were needed to cope with the situation at Sidney. Property rights were endangered and the Government had to step in. The papers feature this. But what of the primary human rights that have been disregarded until the men are rendered half desperate? On this point the report is couched in the most general terms. Certain obvious reforms are recommended, notably the abandonment of the eleven and thirteen hour shifts which involve, every fortnight, twenty-four hours continuous work.

But when the Commission reports to the Federal Government, the Federal Government disclaims any power to enact legislation along these lines, claiming that this is a provincial matter. Possibly growing public opinion may force the Nova Scotia Government to take action. A year ago Besco informed a delegation from a local ministerial association that Nova Scotia would not move until Judge Gary made the change!

Other investigators have reported on the situation but without bringing about material improvements. In 1920 the housing and sanitary conditions were described by a Royal Commission as being 'with few exceptions absolutely wretched.' Two years later a Board of Conciliation admitted that the company's houses were 'not in a satisfactory condition'.

The minority report made went further describing the sanitary conditions as 'absolutely wretched.' Another two years and still no change in this or other conditions of life and labour.

In a series of articles which appeared a year ago in the *Toronto Daily Star*, Mr. F. A. Carman puts his finger on one of the sore spots:

Fourteen companies of various grades of importance go to make up Besco. When the fourteen went into the cauldron they owed in stocks of various kinds a little under \$83,000,000. When the merging process had been completed these \$83,000,000 had been transmuted into just under \$102,000,000 . . . To pay dividends on nearly \$102,000,000 of stocks should be a sufficient task for the men who have to manage an industry which must meet the world competition in the steel and coal trade. But before they can begin to do this they have to meet prior charges of over \$31,000,000 of mortgages of various sorts . . . In the Besco process common stocks were reduced from 63 to 24 million, while preferred stocks rose from 19 to 77 million . . . The result of this transformation process has been the addition of charges of over \$4,000,000 to the annual liabilities of the industry. . . The recent watering down of the stock of these companies was not the first operation of the kind. . . This original \$15,000,000 of common 'watered' stock is represented in the existing issues of Besco stock by \$6,000,000 of common stock and by \$13,500,000 of 7% second preference on which the dividends are a cumulative liability. Which shows us in epitome how what was originally merely a speculative 'flyer' may by skilful financing be transmogrified into next thing to a bond.

'Skilful financing' — aye, and unscrupulous financing. One transaction has recently been dragged to the light of day. At a time when important negotiations were in progress between the Newfoundland Government and the Company, ex-Premier Squires received \$46,000 from funds of the Dominion Steel Co. This action according to the evidence was approved by Roy Wolvin and other high officials (See *Montreal Star*, Jan. 31st, 1924.) Such is Besco!

In vain have the workers appealed to Provincial and Federal Parliaments for legal redress or assistance. Besco was well represented in the Government councils. A year ago, when a deputation asked Mr. Mackenzie King for the provision of pension for worn-out miners—a part of the pre-election programme of the Liberal party—all they received from the Prime Minister was a copy of his book *Industry and Humanity!*

In vain have the workers appealed to Provincial obtain representation in Parliament; constituencies were gerrymandered, an industrial county being united with a county peopled largely by farmers and fishermen with a two-member constituency.

Then on the eve of the election 'roorbacks' were issued—'false tales' concerning the candidate J. B. MacLachlan who went down to defeat.

When, two years ago, the miners resorted to the 'strike on the job', the Press entirely misrepresented the situation. Even Mr. Meighen recognized the merits of their policy:

What have these men done? They have been requested, we will put it, to accept a wage reduction of 32½ per cent. They have declined to do it. They say, 'No it is not a living wage, we cannot support our families, we cannot send our children to school, we do not want to go on strike or go out'. . . . They say 'Here you are giving us two-thirds of a day's pay and we will give you two-thirds of a day's work, and only that; we don't pretend to give you any more'. (*Hansard*, March 30th, 1922)

At that time, the Government refused the Royal Commission asked for by the Mayors of the mining towns, but a little later sent down troops notwithstanding the protests of the local authorities that there was no need. So the struggle has gone on with growing bitterness. Last summer driven back to work by starvation, the steel-workers in a notable statement declared that every man's hand was against them. Within the last few weeks the coal miners have been forced into the pits, against their will, by the reactionary American officials at the head of their own union. But that is too long and too complicated a story to be even outlined here.

In the meantime the miners' leader is serving a two year sentence in Dorchester penitentiary convicted of seditious libel. What had he done? In a circular letter he stated that the Provincial Police had brutally ridden down men, women, and children on a Sunday night when most of them were coming from church.

One old woman over 70 years of age was beaten into insensibility and may die. A boy of nine years old was trampled under the horses' feet and had his breast bone crushed in. One woman beaten over the head with a police club gave premature birth to a child. The child is dead and the woman's life despaired of.

The coal operators gave this letter to the papers. Then MacLachlan was arrested and taken to Halifax charged with unlawfully publishing a false tale and also with seditious libel. The charge of publishing a false tale was withdrawn; the tale was all too true. MacLachlan's letter is substantially corroborated by statutory declaration and by the evidence given before the Royal Commission. But in the case of seditious libel, as the Attorney-General pointed out, the truer the statement the worse the libel. So J. B. MacLachlan is behind the bars because he dared to criticize the brutality of the Provincial Police of Nova Scotia.

That is technically true. But under this obsolete and discredited law of seditious any of us might be convicted. Mr. Meighen might be sent to the penitentiary for criticizing the Liberal administrations. Why then was MacLachlan the victim? Because in fighting in the cause of the men he had incurred the enmity of the powerful British Empire Steel Corporation. They were out to 'get' him, and since he was irreproachable in his personal character and well within the law in his official activities, they invoked this old law that dates back to witch-burning days.

Even then MacLachlan did not get the fair play of those early times. He was not allowed a trial in his home county but was taken to Halifax where for years the minds of the people have been poisoned against the miners.

When an appeal was taken for another trial, the trial judge was a member of the Court of Appeal. Of the six judges on the Bench, four, before the time of their elevation to the bench, had been connected with the Steel or Coal companies subsidiary to Besco.

Were anything lacking in the proceeding to inspire in the workers a contempt for law it was more than made up for by the congratulatory telegram from the General Manager of Besco to the Attorney-General.

Is there no public opinion in Canada that dares challenge such high-handed action? These injustices we neglect at our peril.

J. S. WOODSWORTH.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine, or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 400 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

Canada's Emigration

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

Some months ago THE CANADIAN FORUM printed an article on Canadian problems. The remark was made therein that under existing conditions any one leaving Canada must be regarded as a deserter.

In truth a pleasant thought for the quarter million Canadians, mostly young men, whom THE CANADIAN FORUM estimates crossed the border during the past year! Also rather reminiscent of the recruiting methods employed during the 'late unpleasantness'! Whether such methods ever succeed is open to question.

CANADIAN FORUM readers may be interested in the experience of one group of young men of the kind Canada seems to want so much in theory and so little in fact.

As the time of graduation from a technical course in a large university drew near, they saw that on account of the slack times and the largeness of the class many of them would be unlikely to obtain work of the exact nature for which they had been trained. Believing, however, that Canadian industry could use them in the present as well as the future, they published an advertisement in a journal which reaches almost every Canadian manufacturer, offering to enter industry in any capacity and at any reasonable salary. They held that with proper opportunity they would eventually be able to turn their special training and ability to good use, improve Canadian industrial processes, and in time win such places of usefulness and responsibility as their work might justify.

Two replies were received. What the other subscribers thought they did not deign to reveal.

At present at least one out of three from this large graduating class is employed outside of Canada. Few left their country from choice; many look forward to returning when 'times are better'. Meanwhile Canadian brains are making further contributions to the upbuilding of the United States.

It is extremely unlikely that Canada will regain the majority of these young men. Will the much desired and courted immigrants play the part they would have in the upbuilding of Canadian national life?

Canadian manufacturers seem afraid of trained minds. Is it prejudice based on ignorance or on experience? It cannot be experience, for they will not give them a chance. Perhaps they fear being jarred from their comfortable conservatism. Certain it is that American industry has no fear, and, while this difference in attitude persists, the walls of business men who see consumers slipping from them, or the loose talk of Ottawa politicians who see fewer folk to cajole before election and to pay taxes afterward, will not halt the steady leakage over the southern border.

Yours, etc.,

V. N. BRUCE.

RODERICK DE LA P. STEWART.

Chicago.

The Gold Standard

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:

One or two points in Mr. Jackson's article on 'The Gold Standard' in your February issue seem to call for comment.

Mr. Jackson sees financial salvation, apparently, only through two expedients, deflation of our currency and the withdrawal of the privilege of rediscount with the Dominion Government of commercial paper by the banks. With regard to the first he says that we must pay the price of contraction of credit. Is he ready to see commercial credits shrink any more than they have at present? Surely a study of the volume of credits at present outstanding should convince him that such a course, to say the least, would be highly venturesome.

And secondly, is he ready to cancel a privilege which has proved of signal usefulness to the banks in the past, that of rediscount? Now that the United States has perfected its system through the Federal Reserve Banks,

can Canada afford to be without any facilities for rediscussion?

In conclusion, may I very respectfully suggest to Mr. Jackson that possibly he has overlooked the way to restore the gold standard in Canada, by balancing the budget?

Yours, etc.,

H. MICHELL.

McMaster University, Toronto.

'Amiability'

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

May I join with Mr. Wyly Grier in his desire for more of 'those amiable disputations about religion' that appeared in THE CANADIAN FORUM? At the same time would it be possible for the disputations to be more than merely 'amiable'? Mr. Grier evidently enjoys THE CANADIAN FORUM's soothing influence after the fierce rancours of his 'religious periodicals'. But some of us, brought up in 'the old and more rigidly formulated religions', like something stronger than mere amiability. Though persuaded to give up neat whisky in strong doses we object to being reduced to sarsaparilla.

It was refreshing to find somebody amiable enough to venture, with a few friends from the Arts and Letters Club, upon 'Saving God'. But subscribers to a more rigidly formulated religion were disappointed at the lack of perseverance. Unlike the shepherd who, according to old belief, bloodily encounters mountains and storms to find his sheep, have not your amiable correspondents forsaken their great exploit after merely barking their shins?

Would THE CANADIAN FORUM be less interesting if it contained a few more outright opinions? It was a pleasure to read Miss Barker's illogical letter. Perhaps Mr. Grier found it unamiable. But at least Miss Barker left an impression, and Mr. Grier confessed himself to growing 'violent' as soon as he grew enthusiastic. Why should your Board advance their ideas surreptitiously? Lenin died. Why give us merely a series of facts about him? Your Winnipeg friends were more daring. 'Most of our newspapers dismissed him with a few contemptuous phrases'. Naturally—their writers had not yet read the English journals. But we had hoped for better things from you. And we know you too well to suppose that your reticence is due to ignorance.

Yours, etc.,

NORMAN MACDONNELL.

Gravenhurst.

A Correction

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

The reviewer who speaks contemptuously of Professor Egerton's undergraduate lectures should avoid undergraduate mistakes. On page 149 of your February number your reviewer speaks of Lord Durham as 'Radical George'. Lord Durham's nickname among the miners of the North was 'Radical Jack'. (Stuart Reid: *Life and Letters of Lord Durham*; Vol. I, p. 169).

Yours, etc.,

W. L. GRANT.

Upper Canada College, Toronto.

The Dance of Life

A FASCINATING book yet remains unwritten. Its theme is at once elemental and profound, so simple that we rarely notice it, so universal that it is a key of understanding, so subtle that it links the heart-beat with the motions of the stars. It is the Book of Rhythm. It will tell us of the pulse of life, the systole and diastole of breathing, the motion of every vital organ, the measured alternation of sleep and waking, the tides of endeavour and desire, and that greater succession of all animate being whose poles are birth and death. It will tell us of the spirit of achievement within a people, the spreading and the folding of the wings of aspiration, the ascent and descent of the peaks of history. It will tell us of the course of action and reaction, the swing of opinion, the transition and recurrence of mode, the cycle of economic prosperity and depression, and the still uncomprehended spiral which we name the march of civilization.

The outer world is full of the analogues of these rhythmic elements within our lives. We may think of the waves and the tides of the sea, the sequences of storm and calm, the periodic gradations of light and darkness, the varying fruitfulness of the earth. Are these merely analogues, or do they point towards some yet undiscovered law that transcends the bounds between the sentient and the inanimate? We may think of the phases of the moon, the orbits of the planets, the abysmal movements of the stars. Have these mightier periods no relation to the little periods that measure our lives? We may pass from the infinite to the infinitesimal, and find there too, composing the structure of all 'substance', the dancing atom whose electrons swing for ever in their various orbits, so that the whole universe resolves itself into the inconceivable and endless play of ordered motion. Were not the poets right beyond their knowledge who sang that 'from harmony, from heavenly harmony, this universal frame began'?

With this cosmic vision of creative rhythm that moves within atom and within constellation we could next approach the meeting place of mind and nature, the senses with which we are endowed. Why, we would ask, is it always the impact of waves that stimulates those sensations by which we come to realize the world? What is light but the marriage of our dancing sensitivity to certain vibrations measurable if unknown? Heat and sound, taste and touch, are they not all rhythmic experiences elicited by appropriate waves that play the consummate keyboards of our organism? Shall we even go further and divine that consciousness itself is but a dance so exquisite, so unutterably responsive, that it feels and thus

knows all the dancing motions of its own environment?

There is indeed no end to the speculations which suggest themselves along this inviting road. An author of our own day, Mr. Havelock Ellis, has taken a few first steps along it, but unfortunately allowed himself to be diverted to more trodden paths of art and philosophy. The *Dance of Life*¹ promised to give us at least some glimpses into the universal significances of rhythm. 'Dancing', the author tells us, 'is the primitive expression alike of religion and of love.' Nay more, 'the joyous beat of the feet of children, the cosmic play of philosophers' thoughts rise and fall according to the same laws of rhythm.' If Mr. Ellis had only expounded this truth! But it remains undemonstrated, a flash of intuition, and the author drifts away from the undulations of life into discussions of the 'art' of living. With that unusually clear-minded candour which characterizes all his work he could not fail to give his readers many a felicitous *aperçu*. The book is well worth reading, but its promise is unfulfilled.

For the 'art' of life is by no means the same thing as the 'dance' of life, and Mr. Ellis, coming early to the point where the two conceptions cross, has taken thereafter the other road. The dance is the free rhythmic expression of the sense of life, free because life itself is rhythmic at the heart, free therefore because it seeks nothing beyond itself. The art of life compromises with necessity, and is not purely for its own sake. But the dance is the very type of that joyous liberation whereby a nature is in its own mere activity fulfilled. 'To dance', writes Wassermann in the *World's Illusion*, 'is to be new, to be fresh at every moment, as if one has just issued from the hand of God.' There are arts that pursue results, that create for the sake of the product and not for the hour of creation. But the dance looks neither before nor after. It needs no memories and seeks no trophies. It is sufficient unto itself, for it is the pulse of being, the moment of the *élan vital*, the triumph of life over bondage.

Our description applies of course not only to the dance in the ordinary sense, but to all those rhythmic experiences that are also free and creative. It applies peculiarly to music, and explains the universal appeal of music to the heart of man. As each movement lifts and stays and falls and lifts again, selecting significant elements out of the freedom that pitch and interval admit within its rhythmic form, it reflects and thereby stimulates the deep life-motions that are 'felt in the blood and felt along the heart'. The effect of poetry is similarly explained. Its metrical measures are not necessary for the mere con-

veyance of 'ideas', but the thought of the poet is living thought, not dead items of information, and because it lives it pulses, it *must* be rhythmic. Prose is also subtly permeated with rhythm, in so far as it too is the expression of living thought. The work of every creative artist is of the same kind. Goethe had the true conception when he likened architecture to 'frozen music'. Painting and sculpture present, as it were, simultaneous harmonies, whose space successions correspond with the time successions of music, whose synthesis of lights and lines form the counterpart, in other dimensions, of the moving stresses and intervals that belong to music and dancing.

All spontaneous activities are rhythmic, like the song of birds or the motion of their wings. In this, as Mr. Ellis perceives, the play of children is one with the quest of the scientist, alike responsive to the surge of being. Perhaps it is in this very sense that we too must become like little children, if we would enter the 'kingdom of heaven'. For necessity always lies in wait to subdue the principle of life, to destroy its rhythm. It hales us by ways we would not go, by straight and narrow paths, the 'shortest lines between two points', utterly unlike the beautiful free curves our spirit seeks. Necessity is mechanical, and its monotony of repetition is at best a dead echo of the living movements of animate nature. It builds us a prison of rectilinear walls, planned by an Architect who must obey the rules of Euclid. Construction takes the place of creation, and the pursuit of the means of living becomes the empty significance of life.

This process is well seen in the history of religions. Their primal spirit is the mystic dance and song that bring the rapt believer into rhythmic oneness with the universe. 'To dance is to take part in the cosmic control of the world.' So it was in India and in Thrace, among American aborigines and primitive peoples everywhere, as among the Israelites who 'danced before the Lord'. But dance and song are caught in the net of ritual, and timorous priesthoods of old men, conservative with authority and wearily obsessed with the evils and the perils of existence, quench the springing flames of intuitive religion, covering with its white ashes its own white fires. So we take sides with necessity against ourselves. The like danger, though in lesser degrees, occurs constantly in the evolution of every creative impulse. The forms harden and the pulse of life is suppressed. In literature, for example, as again Mr. Ellis well puts it,

the greatest writers must spend the blood and sweat of their souls, amid the execration and disdain of their contemporaries, in breaking the old moulds of style and pouring their fresh life into new moulds. From Dante to Carducci, from Rabelais to Proust,

¹The *Dance of Life*, by Havelock Ellis (Constable).

from Chaucer to Whitman, the giants of letters have been engaged in this life-giving task, and behind them the forces of death swiftly gather again.

It is a ceaseless war for the creative spirit; but at least it has for ally that universal spirit which quickens all creation, and it is refreshed with visions of the dateless hour 'when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy'.

R. M. MACIVER.

Poems

By Kathleen K. Bowker

Benediction

God bless the hands that made my bed:
My narrow bed of polished wood.
For when the last good-nights are said
I turn to it, and find it good.

I fling the friendly windows wide
When Night comes down the whispering streets.
My cares are soothed and satisfied
By the crisp kiss of linen sheets.

The work and hurry of the day,
The little stupid sins I sinned,
With one sweet breath are blown away.
Sleep enters on a clean cool wind.

Song

Once, in the dark,
Listening long,
I heard a lark
Break into song.

But e'er the Sun
Came—the Day-bringer—
The Song was done:
Silent the Singer.

Peace

On the long, long beach at Santa Monica
The great green breakers roll.
And the children build them Forts and Moats and
'alaces;
And Chapels, with the shining shells for chalices;
And a strong sand wall around the whole.

O'er the long, long beach at Santa Monica
The stately sea-gulls fly.
And no man—for all his infinite capacity
To climb the clouds with aeroplane audacity—
Can sweep so soft a swirl across the sky.

On the long, long beach at Santa Monica
The age-old tide creeps near.
Wild Wars and Plagues may devastate Humanity
And Nations rage beyond the verge of Sanity;
But the children—and the birds—are always here!

To Their Pictures

Trio of Enchanting Graces,
In my dreams I see your faces
In such unexpected places:
Eugenie,
And Stephanie,
And Madelaine Vercheres.

For you seem a quaint collection
In an Advertising Section!
Stephanie,
And Eugenie,
And Madelaine Vercheres.

Puckish grins that follow after
Dew-drop tears and elfin laughter
Thrown across a dimpled shoulder.
Oh!—when you are all grown older
With the guile the sweet smile covers
Won't you play the deuce with lovers!
Eugenie,
And Stephanie,
And Madelaine Vercheres.

The Little Life So Lively O!

The crescent moon's a winsome thing
A-swinging in the sky.
Tonight she looks so very new—
She's only lived an hour or two!—
And very soon she'll die.

But e'er she's old and all uncured
She will have seen the Whole Wide World:

Alas!—so will not I.

The Japanese Earthquake

The Account of an Eye-Witness

JUST before noon on September 1st, 1923, the Canadian steamship *Empress of Australia* was about to sail from Yokohama for Vancouver. Passengers old and new were coming on board, automobiles and rickshas kept arriving every minute, and coolies in picturesque costumes were busily hurrying back and forth with trucks and baggage of every kind.

Finally the order came for all visitors to leave the ship, and they went streaming down the gang-plank to the dock, where they stood in groups, shouting up to their friends in the boat and throwing long paper streamers to them, till the entire side of the *Empress* was covered with the gaily colored ribbons. I was much amused watching a small group of American men on the dock, who were catching Japanese coins thrown to them by their friends

standing beside me on the deck. At each successful catch they would loosen a coil of paper ribbon and toss it upwards. Away it would go, unrolling its bright length as it went, sometimes dropping back into the water, but more often hitting one or other of the passengers, who caught it eagerly and returned the throw. All was gaiety and brightness. It was one minute before twelve and we were just about to cast off.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, that huge boat of 22,000 tons began to shake violently—so violently that we had to cling to the railing to keep from being thrown. The mast shook and the funnels swayed from side to side; this lasted for 45 seconds. Our first thought was 'Boiler trouble! we are going to have an explosion.' Almost before we had time to formulate the thought, we saw the ends of the dock give way, and, to our horror, rickshas and motors full of people disappeared into the water. Some of these never came up again. The centre of the dock buckled, and the warehouses at the back, filled with people in the second storey, collapsed. Suddenly someone beside me said,

'Look, look at the Bund!'

The Bund is the street on the water front, where all the big foreign hotels, steamship offices, and clubs, etc., were. As I looked I saw the buildings sway and topple down, one after another, and in a few seconds the famous waterfront was gone. From the bridge the captain saw the land rise in waves from six to eight feet high and come rolling down to disappear into the waters of the harbour. He saw the ground open up into great cracks which engulfed people and animals and then closed up again as the land-waves came rippling on. Then a huge cloud of yellow dust arose and everything was lost to view. We could not even see the people on the dock just below us though we could hear their shrieks and cries of terror mingled with the sound of splintering timbers, crashing glass, and grinding concrete. As quickly as possible the terrified people struggling in the water were pulled on board by ropes, the gangplank having been destroyed.

In contrast to the shrieking and crying, the noise and confusion on the shore, was the curious stillness and quiet on the deck of the *Empress*—not a cry, not a sound, no panic. I think we were too astonished even to be afraid, but we looked gravely at one another and said quietly,

'Earthquake! It's an Earthquake!'

As soon as the dark cloud of dust had cleared away we saw that the fires had started in hundreds of places all over the city as well as on the dock. A stream of terror-stricken people, foreigners and Japanese, were making their way over the roofs of the fallen warehouses and along the narrow strip of

concrete, all that was left of the ruined pier, back towards the doomed city. Clouds of smoke were all about us. Then suddenly the typhoon which had been expected all week, burst upon us. The gale blew from the land at seventy miles an hour, turning the city into a huge roaring furnace and forming a circle of fire which cut off all escape except by water. Great burning brands and sparks and cinders dropped all about us on the decks. Immediately, the crew had the hose going, and the streams of water poured over the boat in every direction for hours. Discipline was perfect. The officers were here, there, and everywhere, rapping out crisp orders to the Chinese crew, who worked magnificently. The intense heat, the roaring wind, the great dense masses of smoke sweeping over us, and the silent awe-stricken groups of passengers made an extraordinary and unforgettable sight.

All about the ship were lighters, sampans, junks, barges, and all other small craft, which had been torn from their moorings by the tidal wave, and with their cargoes of wood and other inflammable material, were all ablaze. On shore the frail little Japanese houses burned like tinder, and the heavier foreign buildings were gutted by the flames. The constantly recurring tremors, making great cracks in the earth, obliterated the land marks. There were no longer any streets; the Moto-Machi Canal was choked with dead bodies; the bursting water-mains filled the fissures with muddy water and many persons fell into them and lost their lives. People were thrown from the second storeys of houses and hotels and, badly bruised or with broken limbs, tried to crawl over the piles of debris fifty feet high, out of the path of the flames to a place of safety.

After the first great shock, the Japanese, fearing the tidal-wave, tried to make their way to the open spaces and were, in many instances, cut off by the fire. The foreigners, on the contrary, had but one idea, to get to the water and on to the boats, and we saw them running down to the shore, stumbling, falling, and picking themselves up again as they came. About four o'clock, the first of the refugees began to come on board. Cut and bleeding and smoke-blackened, with torn clothing—some with none at all—maimed and burned and with eyes smarting from the fumes and smoke, and all suffering from immersion and shock—men, women, and children of all nationalities—Japanese, Chinese, Koreans, English, French, Germans, Russians, Italians, and Belgians.

Bowls of boric acid had been prepared, and we bathed their eyes and washed and bound up the minor hurts as best we could, while the serious stretcher cases were taken back to the ship's surgeon, Dr. Rose, in the hastily improvised hospital and operating room.

The Chinese boys worked with a will, and quantities of tea and coffee and sandwiches were passed around. Passengers gave up their state rooms, and trunks were opened to supply clothing. Every available inch of room on that great boat was taken. Stretchers filled the halls and passage-ways. Children were there without their parents, and parents without children, wives without husbands, and it was pitiful to see how they anxiously watched the arrival of each boat, looking eagerly for the missing. As soon as possible lists were made out and posted in the lobbies, while duplicate lists were sent to the *André le Bon*, and other boats in the harbour which were doing similar work; they sent their lists to us, and in this way many families were re-united.

One of the first to whom I offered my cabin was an English lady with two little boys, one about three years old and the other a year and a half. They were all three quite unhurt, but frightened and terribly shaken. I suggested to Mrs. U— that she bring the children down to my stateroom where she could put them to bed. She gratefully accepted my offer and I left her there while I went to get them something to eat, and when I went back an hour or two later, the little fellows were sound asleep, looking as rosy and happy as if nothing had ever happened. I asked Mrs. U— how she was feeling and if there was anything I could do for her.

'No thank you', she said, 'I am quite all right now, only I am terribly worried about my husband who was in Tokio today. He will be frantic about us and will have no idea whether we are alive or dead or what has become of us.'

I did not tell her what I then knew, that Tokio was gone too, and I thought there was very little chance of her ever seeing her husband again. I only said that the *Empress's* boats were constantly going back and forth, bringing people from the shore, and that her husband might come on board at any time.

'How', I said, 'did you ever manage to save yourself and your children during that frightful time on the land?' 'Oh', she answered, 'I never could have done it had it not been for the kindness and generosity of two of my neighbors, a man and his wife whose own children are missing. They helped me over the piles of debris to the shore, where the *Empress's* boats picked us up. Otherwise, we should all three have been killed. It was so brave and unselfish of them. Perhaps their children have been taken on some of the other boats.' (They were brought on board to their overjoyed parents next day.)

Sleep that night was impossible for any of us. About two o'clock I went up on the deck, and the sight that met my eyes was appalling. The city enveloped in flames, the sky so black with smoke that not a star was visible, and, in the distance, the fires of Tokio and of the small villages told their own

terrible story. All around me on the dripping decks were the refugees, and among them I saw many of the passengers who had given up their staterooms to the sick and wounded or to women and children. There they were, huddled together or lying full length on the wet floors without even pillows on which to rest their heads. The heat was stifling. There seemed to be no end to the horror of it all.

We had about four thousand souls on board that night. Early next morning I made my way out to D Deck, where they were bringing still more refugees, and among them I saw a young man who was standing by himself, dripping wet. I went up to him and asked if he had anything to eat, or if there was anything I could do for him. 'Thanks', he replied, 'I do not want anything, but I am wild about my wife and two little boys. I walked from Tokio last night [a distance of about eighteen miles] and made my way somehow to my part of the town, only to find that everything was in flames and I do not know what has happened to my family—whether they are alive or dead.' 'What is your name?' I said. 'U—', he replied. I could hardly believe my ears. 'Come with me', I gasped. 'I have your wife and two babies, safe and sound in my cabin!'

Another instance which came under my notice was without any such beautiful ending. An Englishman, Mr. C—, was thrown from the second storey of his hotel down into the street and his leg was broken. His wife, who was on the ground floor, was pinned under the debris, when the house collapsed, and, although unhurt, could not free herself. Her husband managed to crawl somehow over the debris in search of help, but it was some time before he could meet with anyone. Finally, after an almost superhuman effort, he met some foreigners and they turned back with him to rescue his wife; but it was too late. When they got there the whole house was in flames and absolutely nothing could be done. The husband broke down completely and was brought on board the *Empress of Australia* in a state of mental and physical collapse.

The earthquake occurred, as I have related, on Saturday, September 1st, at one minute of twelve, and all that afternoon and all that night the *Empress of Australia* lay alongside the burning pier, with one screw entangled in the anchor-chain of the American ship *Steel Navigator*, and with only one engine working, and thus disabled. The French ship, *André le Bon*, also astern of us, was helpless, and to make matters worse the captain of a Japanese freighter lost control of his ship and rammed the *Steel Navigator*, and damaged the stern of the *Empress*, so that for a time all four boats were in a helpless tangle.

We had noticed early on Sunday morning a great quantity of oil all over the water, and we had heard several terrific explosions on the shore. This was

caused by the bursting of the huge tanks containing thousands of tons of crude oil, which poured out over the surface of the harbour and formed into great lakes of oil. These caught fire. We suddenly realized that one of these was moving rapidly towards us, borne by the wind faster than a man can walk and not more than half a mile away. On it came—a seething flaming mass of fire, sending great columns of dense black smoke up into the sky, and with a savage roar a tower of flame shot up three hundred feet into the air. All night long the crew had been working to free us from the cable which held us to the other boat. At last their frenzied efforts were rewarded, and the broken chain dropped into the water, though still wound round the screw. It looked as if death in its most horrible form was advancing to meet us. Never can I forget it—the tangled boats, the smouldering junks and sampans, the bobbing life-boats laden with their maimed and smoke-blackened, half-fainting men, women, and children, coming towards us over the choppy sea, the horrible blood-red sun, and the mass of seething, roaring fire bearing rapidly down upon us.

Nothing but the unparalleled daring and skill of Captain Robinson saved us then, and his marvellous handling of the ship can only be appreciated and understood by those who were on board to see it and knew how terribly she was handicapped. By a skilful manoeuvre he managed to turn her about and tack until he got out of the path of the onrushing tower of roaring flames, at the same time pushing the *André le Bon* out the full length of her cable away from the dock, the crew meanwhile spraying the water with high-powered hose, trying to keep the oil from the sides of the boat. There was no alternative but to take the risk of getting through the breakwater channel—a risk intensified by the fact that the breakwater had been broken and partly submerged. We were only just in time, for when we looked back we saw the floating lake of fire on the very spot where we ourselves had been not ten minutes before, and another oil-mass, which had collected under the dock, also suddenly burst into flames. Only the miracle of a sudden change in the wind saved the *André le Bon*, for she had not even hose on board with which to spray her decks.

Although free from immediate danger, we were still far from safe. As we were dangerously near the ruined breakwater and the blazing oil showed indications of extending outside it, it was imperative to move into a safer position. Captain Robinson signalled to Captain Konings, master of a Dutch tanker lying near, to help him to get the *Empress* outside. This he bravely did, although he had only a single-screw vessel and was carrying a cargo of 2,000 tons of benzene and 2,000 tons of kerosene!

After some hours' effort we were finally brought out through the shipping to the open harbour, where we were safe at last, after thirty-six hours of horror.

On September 9th we finally left for Kobe, where our refugees were taken ashore, and after a brief stay to re-provision the ship we left at last for Vancouver.

M. WINNIFRED HALL.

What We Owe The Russian Theatre

HERE are still the scales of justice. And now we go to Russia to make for us our theatre. Stanislavsky with his Moscow Art Theatre; Balieff and the *Chauve Souris*; Tairoff and his Cubist Shakespeare. They are an army at odds one with another fervidly fighting, creating the theatre of tomorrow.

Of the three the Moscow Art Theatre is the link between the old theatre and the new. It is the only school of realism which still believes in itself to-day. And yet there is a vast difference between Tehekoff's plays which form most of its repertory, and realism as we knew it in Ibsen and Hauptmann. The fixed gulf between East and West; mystic and industrialist; Tehekoff and Shaw. To cross it, one would have to travel back to the middle of the nineteenth century, and face that ton of flesh 'reality', squatting on western art. France takes it airily enough; cuts off a slice; shapes it, points it—the cult of the well-knit play. So, too, England. The Pinero-Wilde group learn the conjuring trick in facile fashion, and art goes apace—in technique. Fortunately there were greater minds in the West, like Ibsen and, later, Strindberg, who came to the rescue of this theatre of realism, with a vision of a further fidelity to environment. They pushed realism to include ideas which unite the very fabric of society.

But Ibsen and Strindberg are dead: Hauptmann has lately given us no more plays, and the West seems chiefly concerned with new technique in production. It is now that Russia turns realist. When the rest of Europe is sated with its own self-knowledge and has lost the power of solution in the maze of its own definitions, Russia emerges from her mysticism and gives us Stanislavsky and the Moscow Art Theatre—and a realism which we missed altogether.

As *régisser*, Stanislavsky was fortunate enough to persuade Tehekoff to write plays instead of short stories, and Tehekoff wrote the handful of plays which seem to have captured the spirit of realism and of Russia at once. He does not pretend to any criticism of life as Shaw and Ibsen do, nor any satire of manners or ideas, and therefore he cares not a whit for unity and form, but banishes them as theatrical and contrary to his purpose. He would make the theatre more closely imitative of life and

would break down form and scale to the level of life's semblance, a loose continuous fabric, but luminous. Oliver Sayler in his enthusiastic description of the Russian theatre in the Revolution quotes Stanislavsky himself, as attempting 'To give back to the stage a living psychology and simple speech . . . To examine life not only through rising heights and falling abysses, but through the every-day life surrounding us. To seek theatricality of dramatic productions, not in exceptional staging which has given over the theatre to a special kind of masters and has turned away from it the contemporary literary talents, but in the hidden inner psychologic life.'

It is as if a luminous veil were thrown over life. As if there were only the audience and the play. Repression in acting, what Sayler calls 'minimization' seems to wipe out the actors and bring the audience into direct response to conditions the play would body forth. Playwright and actors, they bend their whole energy to create illusion, and the audience peers within the veil and listens for the silent mysteries of its own life. It is a most intense theatre, in which illusion is slavishly revered. Inevitably they keep the three-dimension stage, and perspective and actual scenery as Bakst's designs show. And yet here again, their imitation has not the literal accuracy of Belasco's oak wainscoting, or Shaw's early interior decorating schemes, for while they keep illusion they shun theatricalness in presentation, so as to make of *The Blue Bird* not an extravaganza, but 'the actual unexpected imaginings of a child', to quote their director. It has often been said lately that an attempt at exact reproduction challenges comparison in the mind of the audience. That was true of the older realism, but it comes nowhere near the new. There is still detail in Tchekoff—somehow less striking, less exact, seemingly inconsequential, yet peculiarly inevitable and all-comprehensive, holding the whole of life's secret in its minutiae. One recognizes Omniscience without being able to point one's fingers and say 'Lo here, lo there', for it is in the whole texture and fabric.

Russian realism could never be like that of Western Europe. The Russians seem to have never fettered themselves with dramaturgic law, and so with unity of plot as we understand it. Even the earlier, romantic school of dramatists preferred to tread lightly but knowingly over the sleeping strength of life, rather than awaken it to shape for them a plot. On the contrary some innate mysticism has generally encouraged them to resort to boundless themes of the very nature of life and death. Side by side with Tchekoff's minutiae you find Andrieff stretching drama to include man and his soul, God and his purpose. The wave of dramatic formlessness has passed over all Europe and washed into its currents even

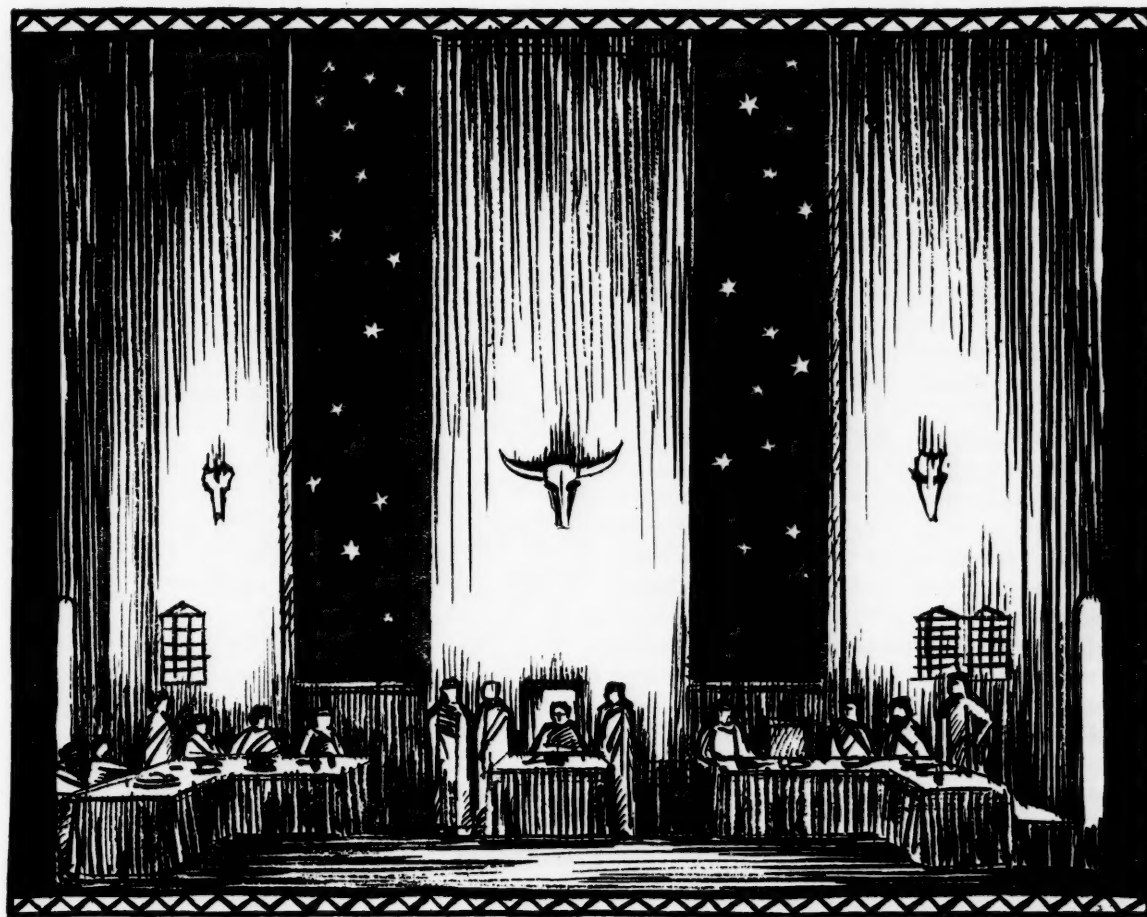
Bernard Shaw; and all the great playwrights of central Europe, from Hauptmann to Maeterlinck, have long since preceded him.

Late tendencies in drama have shown a distaste for this particular dramatic formlessness, as well as shame at the consistent 'peeping through the key-hole at life' of the earlier realist play. A new group within the theatre arises who retreat alike from boundless philosophies and clear-cut definitions to mere subjectivity. They simply attempt to reproduce the individual's consciousness and refuse to allow plot to interfere with this and distort it. They call themselves expressionists, and they, too, have a centre in Russia. In Russia, at any rate they seem to be the disciples of Tchekoff, but they have gone one step further in pushing realism from them. They have cleared its straits and are headed for the open sea. Chief among them is Yevreynoff, the advocate of monodrama who concerns himself mainly with the angle of presentation of experience. To quote his Preface to *The Representation of Love*:

The object of the dramatist is clear: in order that the spectator may have at a given moment nearly the same experience as the acting character, to live his life, that is to say to feel as he does, and through illusion to think as he does.

Quite evidently this new dramatic form completes the intimacy of the Art Theatre, by bringing audience and play even more closely together. It makes the very spectator an imaginary *dramatis persona* since he shall literally see the whole stage environment through the eyes of the acting character. If a man is to shoot himself on the stage, with a revolver, that weapon does not appear to him at the moment, as the interesting, innocent bit of mechanism it might do on an ordinary occasion. He sees it glower with dark potentialities, perhaps fill the whole stage, and so the audience must see it. In Molnar's play *Liliom* it is through Liliom's eyes that we see heaven as a police-court and God as chief magistrate. Since one's whole physical environment changes in accordance with one's mood, in actual life, the same thing should be true of the stage, and can well be accomplished through new technical devices—especially through lighting facilities. To make things easier for both audience and stage technician, it is best that the object of dramatic representation be confined to one soul's experience, hence the name 'monodrama'. Yevreynoff seems to be pushing to its ultimate resolution the subjectivity of Tchekoff, Dos-toievsky, Katharine Mansfield.

It is certain that there is a growing tendency to break up all the traditional articulations of the play, to abolish act and resolve it into mere scene, that drama may become more malleable and easily receive the imprint of personality. On this continent we



'MACBETH' BANQUET SCENE
IN A PRODUCTION
BY
MAX REINHARDT

know the monodrama best through Georg Kaiser's *From Morn 'till Midnight*, Molnar's *Liliom*, Eugene O'Neill's *Emperor Jones*. The central idea of it is, of course, not new; we recognize its dynamic quality in Shakespeare's soliloquies, but the soliloquy has been rounded out, and quickened with a unifying power, which one can only explain through the new so-called fourth dimension of the theatre—light. Altogether this new phase of the theatre seems deep with potentialities. It is here that East meets West. Expressionism, though it originated in Russia and central Europe, has sounded her clarion call throughout the world, and has summoned to fulfil her purpose all the great scenic artists of the theatre. If it has done nothing else it has re-vivified scene, and given us sculptural as well as pictorial effect. One's only fear is that the artist should forget that the character of his work must always be determined by his medium, and the medium of drama must be action, just as inevitably as the sculptor's is stone and the painter's paint. May we not soon be drowned in pure consciousness?

A last phase in the Russian theatre is in utter contrast to these serious attempts to probe consciousness, to search the depths of mood and mind. It has given us Balieff's Moscow with his famous Bat or *Chauve-Souris*, and the even greater Tairoff of the Kamerny Theatre, Moscow. Here is a theatre which wholly repudiates life, and would create pure stage values, of a world of its own, without the pale of right and wrong, social ties and obligations, Lamb's policeman's baton, and so on. Its leaders might say that the saving grace of art has ever been its artificiality, that the artist is primarily a craftsman and not a conjurer. To them, the first interest in the theatre is pattern, not glow. Consequently they repudiate the intimacy of the other theatre and are deliberately theatrical.

With Balieff, a play is something less than opera, more than pantomime, and much of the Russian ballet—a glorified vaudeville. But Tairoff represents the serious drama. He takes plays like Moliere's *Don Juan* and Dunsany's *Gods of the Mountain*, even Shakespeare's, and presents them objectively. Scenery assumes different values. It plays no part in illusion, but must serve simply as a factor in design. You must come to the theatre to make-believe. Your reaction is toward pure objectivity as expressed in design and form and you lose the interpretation and subjectivity of the other theatre. It may be you will come close to Shakespeare's world of beauty through the articulations of cubist scenery. As Havelock Ellis puts it in *The Dance of Life*, 'You see beauty bereft of its veil of sentiment and idea, beauty as life'—and life as an art.

GLADYS WOOKEY.

At the Sign of the Pie

SOMETIMES a horrid fear assails me. I have kept no records; I have no idea how long it is since I first inserted a predatory thumb and drew out the archetypal plum. Is the pie eternal? Will a dread day arrive, a twilight of the pie, when I shall discover that the last plum is gone, and nothing remains but a hollow mockery of pie-crust?

Mr. Shaw says that the Holy Ghost is the most interesting thing in the world. There is some comfort here, for if the Holy Ghost is in the pie, like a sort of evolutionary *élan vital*, then there is hope that the supply of plums may continue indefinitely. It is reassuring to discover that quite a number of interesting people like Julian Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, and Mr. Middleton Murry seem to have become aware that Joachim of Flora was not so mad as was supposed, and that the Holy Ghost has somehow got loose out of the Trinity, and is beginning to make things interesting in a world that had grown terribly boring.

Anyhow I found the Holy Ghost in a monthly magazine, of all unexpected hiding places! Not *The London Mercury*, certainly not, nor THE CANADIAN FORUM, either. I don't like giving away the secret, but this last plum has such a wild and unexpected flavor that in spite of my well-known tendency to keep such things severely within the narrow limits of my own corner, I must announce: what a good boy I am to have found this plum.

I have always had a dream of the sort of monthly magazine I would make, if I had the money, and the brains, and the time, and no need to worry about subscribers, and advertisements, and prime ministers, and the capital levy, and Czecho-Slovakia, and Main Street. It would be like my pie, formless and chaotic as life; free to stand on its head, turn catherine wheels in the gayest irresponsible fashion, with 'laughter of holy white birds flying after'. Now Mr. Middleton Murry has done it with a company of sacred fools. They will all probably get slapped. *Tant mieux*. The magazine masquerades in yellow not the ponderous yellow of *The London Mercury*, but a light spring yellow of catkins and primroses. Its mystic name is *The Adelphi*, probably the fraternity of the Holy Ghost. They fear not the Athanasian Creed, nor the Westminster Confession, nor the grim spectre of modern Realism. The Journeyman reads the Bible in bed with a stone water-bottle (a rubber one won't do), and finds it fascinating. Mr. D. H. Lawrence declares with infectious gaiety that the man who sincerely says: 'I believe in God', may still be an interesting fellow. Here is what he calls a conversation between two true believers:

He: Hullo!
 I: Hullo!
 He: What's up?
 I: Do you believe in God?
 He: What the hell is that to you?
 I: Oh, I'm just asking.
 He: What about yourself?
 I: Yes, I believe.
 He: D'you say your prayers at night?
 I: No.
 He: When d'you say 'em then?
 I: I don't.
 He: Then what use is your God to you?
 I: He merely isn't the sort to pray to.
 He: What do you do with him then?
 I: It's what he does with me.
 He: And what does he do with you?
 I: Oh, I don't know. He uses me as the thin end of the wedge.
 He: Thin enough! What about the thick end?
 I: That's what we're waiting for.
 He: You're a funny customer.
 I: Why not? Do you believe in God?
 He: Oh, I don't know. I might if it looked like fun.
 I: Right you are.

This is what I call a conversation between two true believers. Either believing in a real God looks like fun, or it's no go at all. And he ends up: 'The Holy Ghost is ghostly and invisible. The Holy Ghost is nothing, if you like. Yet we hear his strange calling, the strange calling like a hound on the scent, away in the unmapped wilderness. And it seems great fun to follow. Oh, great fun, God's own good fun.'

This is quite exhilarating.

Then Mr. Murry bursts in cheerfully with, 'O Lord, deliver me from my beastly virtue, which is solemnity! Things are much more truly seen, if we can look at them with a twinkle in the eye.'

How delightful, to look at God, Death, and the Devil with a twinkle in the eye.

The whole thing gives one the sense of a group of friends sitting round the fire, chaffing, teasing one another, being natural without effort, abandoning the struggle for the survival of the cleverest and talking quite simply about the things that matter.

Apropos of looking at God with a twinkle in the eye, here is a little casual plum that recently fell to me by the wayside. A small child who had been present at a christening for the first time was much impressed by the number of names attached to the infant who was the object of the ceremony. On the way home she enquired, 'Mummy, has God got any other names?' 'No, my dear', said the mother. 'He's God, nothing else.' 'That's too bad', said the small child with real sympathy. After a period of silent meditation she broke out with, 'Mummy, I'm going to give God some more names. I shall call him Percy Jones God!'

JACK HORNER.

The Bookshelf

Honour Among Statesmen

Turkey, the Great Powers and the Bagdad Railway, A Study in Imperialism, by Edward Mead Earle (Macmillan; pp. xiii+364; \$2.65).

Although, as the title suggests, this work is a study in Imperialism, it is also a study in the spread of the Industrial Revolution in Turkey. Consequently it deals with a period beginning about 1876 and ending with the second Lausanne Conference in 1923, the Preface being dated June. The author is an assistant professor of history in Columbia University and has had access to important documents and records placed at his disposal by many individuals prominent in negotiations of the period. Copious reference to these authorities is given in the preface and at the end of each chapter. There are included two maps, one of the Turkish railways in 1918 and the other of the Chester concessions, and the whole is adequately indexed.

The Bagdad railway has been regarded by expert engineers of various nationalities as of vital importance to production. The natural resources of the territory to be served by this road, especially oil, have become increasingly valuable with the recent spread and direction of machine industry. But in spite of the fact that production would be stimulated directly in the areas concerned and indirectly in those portions of the earth which come under the sweep of machine industry, the railway remains in 1923 incomplete, and if more recent despatches, to the effect that the Chester concessions have failed, are true, its date of completion is more than ever problematical.

For an explanation of this situation we are led to a discussion of Turkey and the Great Powers, including France, Great Britain, Russia, Germany, Italy, and the United States. Turkey has objected to the least difficult, least expensive, and most remunerative construction of the road on the ground that it should be built along a location strategic from a military point of view. Germany's political and economic development was such as to give her statesmen a pronounced interest in the construction of the road and the consequent control of the area involved. For this reason she concurred in the Turkish viewpoint. Great Britain protested that communication with India must not be prejudiced and that certain vested interests whose existence depended on inadequate means of transportation must be protected. Russia held that the road was a menace to her frontiers. France was fearful lest this new route to India would supplant the old route of the English via the Suez Canal, Marseilles, and Calais. Italy was anxious to secure her fair share—or as much as she could get—in any prospective

traffic. The United States more recently has been especially attracted by the possibilities of oil.

The success of the various protests has been the result of a skilled diplomacy, the success of which may be measured by the failure to complete the road. The value of the stake has brought to light an unusually large number and variety of jimmeys from diplomatic tool bags. These include control exercised through the Ottoman Public Debt Administration, the usual concessions, conventions, treaties (secret and open), agreements (secret, gentleman's, and open), the power of the press (with its stock in trade of Armenians, White Man's Burdens, and Unspeakable Turks), the strength of the banking interests, the enthusiasm of missionaries (Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and Mohammedan), educational footholds and language developments, appeals to numerous and varied Turkish interests with liberal 'backshish', judicious appearances of naval and military strength, and the like. On this side, the volume is worthy of careful study by younger nations anxious 'to take a hand in the diplomatic game', and the colleges of those nations which aspire to teach diplomacies will find in the work a great deal of valuable case material.

On the whole it is a very able work and traces with great care and thoroughness the various movements which have focussed during the past half century on the Near East. One is left wondering how far the Great Powers agree on the right of a nation to determine its own destiny and how far the intervention of America offers any improvement. In any case this study points out clearly why the Sick Man of Europe has had little chance of recovery.

Progress ?

Towards International Justice, by F. N. Keen, LL.B., with an introduction by Gilbert Murray (Allen and Unwin; pp. 249; 7/6).

There is clarity and wisdom in this little book. It consists of a number of essays and addresses centred about the Covenant of the League of Nations, with which the author deals as a kindly critic, sensible of its defects, but no less sensible of its performance and its greater promise. After all, the League of Nations, for all its shortcomings, is the only decent legacy the war has left us, and it is something quite new in the world. It is surely more sensible to accept it with reasoning hope and to explore its possibilities for a civilization so badly shattered through previous lack of it than to reject it in petulance and despair. Everything the world has gained has been a difficult birth. Mr. Keen's treatment inspires confidence. Himself a barrister, he has no illusions about the present status of international law. Nevertheless he writes that 'in all

that pertains to the League of Nations and the securities for the world's peace we need to be on our guard not so much against the eager vision and bold tread of the young idealist as against the over-cautious hesitations and the backward glances of the elder statesmen.'

The Irresistible Movement of Democracy, by John Simpson Penman (Macmillan; pp. xii+729; \$5.75).

Mr. Penman was so intrigued by a certain phrase about a world 'safe for democracy' that he wrote this book. It is written under the assumptions: (1) that democracy began for practical purposes at the end of the dark ages in Europe, say about the middle of the eighteenth century, and reached its full flower of perfect being in the twentieth; (2) that this same democracy has attained its greatest triumph in the United States and most notably in the achievements of Roosevelt's Progressive Party; (3) that this 'irresistible movement' will keep on being irresistible if people don't return to 'reaction' or jump forward to 'socialism'. With the rather meagre equipment of political philosophy which these assumptions imply, the author proceeds to re-narrate the growth of democratic politics in England, France, and the States. His account is quite undistinguished and uncritical, and the expression is on a level with the thought.

Citizenship, by W. H. Hadow, Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University (Oxford; pp. x+240; \$2.00).

When a man is asked to give a series of lectures on such a subject as citizenship under the terms of a special university foundation, he must either speak out of the fulness of his thought or else compose a series of *ad hoc* deliverances. In the latter case he would never have published the book if he had not been asked to deliver the lectures. The book is simply the fulfilment of a contract, more or less according to specification. Such books merely clutter the shelves of our libraries, they are empty of the living word. This volume before us adds another to the list. It is ingenious and learned, full of apt quotations amassed for the purpose together with historical digressions from Mr. Hadow's notebooks. But he has not thought his subject through. He takes, for instance, such cardinally opposed conceptions as 'the state as means' and 'the state as end', but instead of facing the issue he retells the story of the Factory Acts or discourses on Machiavelli's *Prince*. And for conclusion he offers us a pale outline of the views of the late Sir Henry Jones on God and the universe, for no obviously better reason than that the lectures were delivered at the University which Sir Henry adorned for so long.

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The Old Stage and the New

A History of Restoration Drama, 1660 to 1700, by Allardyce Nichol (Macmillan; pp. vi + 397 \$4.60).

Scene, by Edward Gordon Craig (Oxford; pp. xi + 27 + 19 plates; \$8.00).

A strange contrast in two books equally sponsored by two Universities of England. The one has something that is creative, that spurs one on to cross the threshold of to-morrow into greater effort. The other goes blindly round in circles seeking parallel allusion, smothering one in the dust of research and only rarely disclosing its jewels.

And the reason for his failure is that the academician will not look fully open eyed on life, seeking a meaning apart from his prejudice and warped morality. He knows nothing of the sympathy, the tender detachment of the scientist, the calm exactitude of the few literary critics who have lived. Instead one must climb over his personal antipathies and his moral probity to reach facts about a past, which being the living past, and homogeneous, should be explained in terms of itself and not from some point of view biased by the present. It is not in difference of purpose one would contrast the two writers, but in sincerity.

Yet to give him his due: Mr. Nichol must have spent years of effort in amassing most of the available material on the Restoration Theatre. Lists of plays, play-houses, documents of the Records Office even to theater receipts—all this mass of information reduced to order and easily accessible. His facts are there, without doubt, but there is an absence of generalization and contrast which disappoints. If he has such powers he is reluctant to show them, for on the threshold he beats a retreat to further detail and synopsis. You get indefatigable effort rather than analytic power.

He is more interesting when he touches the points of contention in the Restoration drama: Lamb's thesis, for instance, that Wycherley and Congreve created an artificial drama rather than a comedy of manners, imitative of an actual existing society. That is, it might have been interesting, but he is so busy looking for 'one pure character', and shuddering at 'depth of carnal viciousness', that he has only time for a pass-

ing jeer at Charles Lamb as 'one of those fanciful enthusiasts who weave airy fancies out of their own imaginations', to reduce to a thinned realism the only theatrical theatre England has been blessed with, up to the present. Of course he misses the whole point. Restoration comedy was off for a moral holiday with its tongue in its cheek, and actually succeeded for a generation in escaping from the clutches of realism. Later on, towards the end of the century, when it mixed appeal to heart with appeal to brain, and the playwrights came back conscience-stricken, tail between legs, their deepening moral self-consciousness put an end to the 'comedy of manners'.

Strange that a dramatic critic should see this, and not recognize that they were slinking back to reality and the very antithesis of a theatrical theatre. He misses the significance of that fresh stir towards make-believe which accounts for a theatrical note in the whole of western drama at that time. No wonder his pedantic spirit quails before the actresses of the time. He is hardly an improvement with his moral horror at the quaint reference of Colley Cibber and Wright. They may speak with pursed lips and dubious nods of acknowledgment, yet they were still near enough to recognize charm, or at least initiative and abounding vitality.

Insular to the last, he traces back the comedy of manners wholly to Ben Jonson and Fletcher. But he does not attempt to explain the gap between Jonson's boisterous humours, reproduced afterwards in Shadwell, for instance, and the delicate poise, grace and wit of the manners comedy. That air of detached culture, which Gay caught later at its passing in *The Beggar's Opera*, is the most un-English trait English drama has ever possessed. One could only explain it by a strong foreign influence as unique as it was potent. We need Gordon Craig to stage Wycherley and Congreve as a kaleidoscope of shifting points of light, gay arabesque.

That's just the difference between them. Gordon Craig throws open the gates of his mind, and creates for the theatre of the world. He is no writer, but in his drawings you find what he has to say. He visions a world where they have harnessed the electrons of space, the very rhythms of the air to convey our imaginings; a magnificent conception



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of what drama may be. The antics of realistic stagecraft look puerile beside the superb purpose of a sculptural stage of pure form, warmed with colour, pierced with light, or, it may be, shadowed with fathomless darkness.

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Foreign Fiction

Children of the Age, by Knut Hamsun (Macmillan: pp. 288; \$2.50).

Gradually the Hamsun gaps are being filled in for his English readers, and gradually it becomes credible that the author of *Hunger* should also be the author of *Growth of the Soil*. For this purpose *Children of the Age* is most valuable. It has not the unifying atmospheric quality of *Pan* or *Wanderers*, though structurally it is much superior to either of them. Nor has it the epic serenity, the majestic movement of Hamsun's great answer to life in *Growth of the Soil*. But the links uniting it with all these others are strong. The imperious aristocrat, Lieutenant Holmsen, is essentially the Hungerer, Glahn, Johannes, all those moody hermits of the earlier stories, and in the crushed isolation of his closing years he approaches even the mood of Knut Pedersen. There is the old conflict of the man and the woman, married by now, as in *Wanderers*, and separated by pitiful, inexorable pride and self-will which breaks down in each in turn, but never in both at once. Here, however, the restraint of the telling, a restraint which at times threatens to obscure the characterization, almost deceives the reader into mistaking the tragedy for pathos.

The forward link, strongly suggestive of Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, is the decay of the great Holmsen county family. This action, the passing of the old manorial days, and the transformation of the sleepy village into an industrial town, moves chiefly about the third main character, the returned native Holmengraa, who has made a fortune in Mexico and must promote industries. There is little happiness in the community picture, either in the feudal dependence and sordid poverty of the old or the tinsel prosperity and greed of the new. Hamsun has not yet found his solution in *Children of the Age*.

God's Orchid, by Hjalmar Bergman (Macmillan, pp. 316; \$2.50).

An uncouth old money-making idealist, spitting his vulgar way irresistibly through life in a small town, a man cunning enough to grow from insignificance to financial respect, ready to bribe the Matriculation Board publicly and hugely to get the boy through, or to ruin the town industrially because the boy is told to go to hell, such is Markurell, the hero of *God's Orchid*. The passionate devotion and parental pride of Markurell, lowest of *nouveaux riches*, bring him into conflict with the fine old conservative element, whose tradition gathers about the venerable Jesu Manger society. Then into the story comes the complication of suspected illegitimacy.

The action takes place between sunrise and sunset of a culminative day, but within that time there is a prodigality of incident and emotion that should satisfy the most insatiable reader. The brilliancy of the style is at times a bit metallic, and some of the important characters, notably 'the gracie lady', are left with blurred motivation, and the half-Freudian, half-fairy handling of the old aunt's death-bed dream strikes one as somewhat of a *tour de force*. Nevertheless, Mr. Bergman well deserves translation, if only for the range of his humour, now boisterous, now ironical, and his power of acute psychological analysis.

The Gates of Life, by Edwin Björkman (Macmillan; pp. 384; \$2.50).

This book is a continuation of the same author's *The Soul of a Child*, and drags rather wearily. The same kind of thing has been done much more powerfully, not to say more disagreeably, by A. von Hatzfeld in *Franziskus*, a similar intensive and impressionistic study of the development of a German boy. It is crisp and arresting, where Björkman's tale is tedious and fails to grip.

Defeat, by Geoffrey Moss (Constable; pp. 264; 6/-).

Six powerful and convincing stories dealing with the suffering in Germany, especially in the Ruhr Valley, during the last few months. Most of the six show the effects of suffering on the one hand, and of the power to inflict suffering on the other, on ordinary human nature. The different phases of this theme are handled with a restrained sympathy and indignation. There is understanding of the agents of tyranny as well as of the sufferers, and there is a generous pity for the inevitable demoralization of many on both sides. Perhaps the tragedy of the general situation is best suggested in the story of M'Poo, the African sentry, whose faith in France is his religion, and in that of Inga and Hans, lovers robbed just before their marriage of their winter supply of potatoes by starving fellow countrymen, but still able to exclaim 'Isn't life wonderful?'



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Miscellaneous

Dahabeah Days, by Helen M. Edgar (Ryerson Press; pp. 85; \$1.50).

This little book, with its many flash-lights on Tutankhamen's country, is as well timed as it is vividly and most readably written. It contains a daily record of a winter holiday trip up and down the Nile from Cairo to Assuan, which was made and written down a good many years ago. Lord Carnarvon's name was not then very widely known. Neither was Tutankhamen's. The tour was planned and personally conducted by Dr. Currelly, the Curator of the Royal Ontario Museum, a man who had been 'in at the death', so to speak, or at least at the funeral monuments of Egypt a good while before his Lordship. He had been one of those who dug out of the sands the greatest triumph of the Egyptian chisel, the truly divine cow Hathor, doubtless quite the first-prize cow of the Fine Arts in all the world, leaving far behind it the achievements in this kind even of the Greek Myron and the Flemish Paul Potter—who had not the priceless advantage the old Egyptian had of really loving and worshipping the animal.

To such inspiration doubtless is due something of the rare charm of these fascinating sketches. No amount of mere book study could have informed them with the living knowledge of Old Egypt, the instinctive feeling for its specific quality, which this quickly sympathetic writer absorbed from the emanations 'on his native heath', as it were, of a first hand worker on the subject whose heart had glowed with the passion and triumph of discovery. And surely there could have been no better way of seeing the mysterious creative River with all the immemorial glories of its tombs and temples, blended as they are so strangely with the achievements of the highest type of modern science and administration, all bathed, too, in the incomparable light and colour of that pellucid rainless air, than to follow its windings as the old Pharaohs and Cleopatra did on board of a moving house-boat, the world-old leisurely — sometimes maddeningly leisurely—dahabeah.

What an opportunity for dwelling on every detail of the fabulous land and the unchanging life, to this day just as Moses saw it, of its strange and many-coloured people. Few eyes indeed that would have missed less could have been turned upon it. There is nothing the writer does not see, or fails to make her reader see. Looking back from Sicily upon her Nile holiday, she says:

The golden sands of Egypt have slipped through our fingers, but the memory of the long hours and spacious days is not so swift to pass. The gods have given us a pigment with which to fix for ever in our minds the beauty and colour of that ancient world.

Yes, indeed, and not only the beauty and colour of the old! The humor and quaintness and pathos, the sounds, and even smells, of the present are fixed for us here no less than the loveliness of nature and the grandeurs of the past. To this writer the Gods have been very kind. They have given her in unusual abundance the pigment of imagination and the turn of the plastic word. At this time of the year few things would be more pleasant than to escape for a change from our Canadian winter climate, delightful as it is in many ways, hire a dahabeah and sail up the Nile. Few of us can do that. But we can very easily and in a short time read this book through. For my own part I question whether I should have got more exhilaration or suggestion out of the actual trip.

Political Portraits (Second Series), by Charles Whibley (Macmillan; pp. viii+293; \$2.25).

It is much harder to do for men of action and for political philosophers what Lang and Dobson did for men of letters. The latter belong to the world of imagination and of art, and the literary portrait painter shares in the creative freedom of that world. The former are coloured by their age, their traditions, their parties, their social and political circumstances, and unless the political portrait painter brings special training in history, economics, and politics, he is liable to fall into the snare of artistic methods unsuited to his field. We must not, of course, confuse him with the contemporary diarist or contemporary cartoonist, both of whom work for a specific purpose. We must rather think of him as a man who, with skilled touch and careful colouring, would give us a view sufficiently accurate as to convey to us past historical figures—such work, for example, as Mr. Alington has done so successfully in his *Twenty Years*.

We do not think that Mr. Whibley has been entirely successful. His own theory of political artistry protrudes in an overemphasized conservatism of form and in an atmosphere of static dullness. No one could accept, for example, the lines in which he has filled in Castlereagh's Irish policy; and his bias combines with ignorance to render his sketch of Rousseau ludicrous. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the portrait of Disraeli based on Money-penny and Buckle. On the other hand, Mr. Whibley's limitations are seen clearly in relation to those distinguished biographers. They leave Disraeli clear-cut, to invite from their readers their own comparisons and criticisms. Mr. Whibley goes out of his way to point out Disraeli's eminent political virtues, and to pour a certain amount of facetious and patronizing scorn on Gladstone. The general impression of the whole series is that Mr. Whibley has set him-

self out to paint for the Carleton or the Athenaeum. We have no right whatever to quarrel with him—every artist to his taste and to his public. We only wish our readers to know in what kind of gallery they will walk with Mr. Whibley.

For ourselves, we think it a pity that Mr. Whibley belongs to a particular 'school'. He paints well, vividly, with distinction and a good deal of insight. The careful 'viewer' will find his portraits interesting and suggestive. We could only wish that he would not surrender to party a brush which might be, perhaps, meant for mankind.

The Labour Theory of Value in Karl Marx, by H. W. B. Joseph (Oxford; pp. 176; \$1.25).

Never has the Marxian theory of value been subjected to so searching and rigorous a criticism as in this little volume by Mr. Joseph of New College, Oxford. It may suffer a little by reason of Mr. Joseph's very partial acquaintanceship with the literature of Marxism, but in compensation the author goes straight to his text and dissects it with his own remorseless logic. Since Marx professes above all else to be scientific, the counter attack is quite fair and it leaves the whole of the Marxist argument in shreds and patches. It is a true discipline to read Mr. Joseph's book carefully, to follow the accurate sword-play of Mr. Joseph's thought as he deals with the Marxist doctrine of exchange, of surplus value, of homogeneous human labour, and all the rest of it. The work of Marx has been clouded by the propaganda of its friends and its foes. Mr. Joseph, on the contrary, appeals for clarity of thought and himself reveals it in the highest measure. No ambiguity escapes his logic—except, a little surprisingly, that he lets pass unchallenged Marx's use of that blessed word 'commodity' which enabled him to disregard all those inconvenient exchange goods to which the term is inappropriate. Since the days of Mill too few English philosophers have applied themselves to the deeper problems of economic theory, and on that account also Mr. Joseph's book deserves a special welcome.

Treasure Trail, by Frederick Niven (Dodd, Mead & Co.; pp. 254; \$2.00).

The reader who is incorrigibly addicted to adventure and at the same time likes a little attempt at literary flavour might do worse than read this well-built story of how three rival parties went out to stake a British Columbia mine beyond a mountain glacier. There is some fair natural description, three quite different characters who come almost to life at times, and a nice kindly Providence much aided by a superior detective intelligence among the puppets.

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Trade and Industry

The Gold Standard

It is clear that the return to the Gold Standard involves, for Canada, the withdrawal of the proclamations in virtue of which the provisions of the War Finance Act are still in force. We have seen that there is an evident reluctance, on the part of some eminent bankers at least, to dispense with the safeguards afforded them by the War Finance Act until the pound sterling again becomes an equivalent of gold. If their insistence that we must wait upon England before restoring the Gold Standard is to dominate our currency policy, we may for this reason have to pay a premium on American dollars, and to face a corresponding discount in New York on our own dollar, for a very considerable period.

What is the reason for this caution on the part of the banker? Why does he still, more than four years after the conclusion of the war, cling to what is essentially a war measure?

The banker is not very ready to explain himself. In spite of his declared mistrust of theory, he has a theory of banking which forms the basis of his policy. It is perhaps not overstating the case to say that, despite the trepidation and distrust with which most bankers discuss the Quantity Theory of Money, and their not infrequent declarations that it is 'unpractical', the banker who remains in business is successful precisely because he walks in the light of the Quantity Theory, and the banker who disregards it in the conduct of his business almost inevitably finds his way, sooner or later, into the hands of that financial Rhadamanthus, the Receiver.

Nevertheless, with a few conspicuous exceptions, the men in control of the credit system are not of an academic temper. Others—Major Douglas for example—can

Raise scruples dark and nice,
And after, solve 'em in a trice;

but they have seldom either time or inclination for these exercises. If one may be permitted to compare the members of a fairly numerous and highly respected profession with the votaries of a religion which is seldom to be met with nowadays, and is not generally considered capable of practical application, the banker resembles the Christian in one important particular. Like the Christian, he is seldom good at disputation, because he is occupied in *living* his beliefs instead of expounding them.

The chief consideration in the banker's mind, so far as the layman can divine it, is this: Before the war, when London was the greatest, and in times of stress the only dependable free market for gold, the Canadian bank was apt to make use of the discounting capacities of Lombard Street, much as the

American member bank to-day uses its rediscount privileges with the Federal Reserve System in order to keep itself supplied with cash. It is true that the relationship was not a statutory one; nor was it a direct relationship with a single central bank, in spite of the presence, all the time, of the Bank of England in the background. It was a relationship which grew naturally, perhaps almost unconsciously, between a group of bankers in one country, and a group of bill-brokers in another. The excess circulation privilege, during six months of the year, gave a great elasticity to the Canadian banking system; but behind the legal buttresses, the London Money Market, with its infinitely complex resources, was available when needed.

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